

regiment after regiment of magnificently drilled soldiers and horses marches by.

Even after the electric lamps are lighted, men and horses are still tramping along the avenue, and people are still shouting and the bands playing and flags waving. And all this time the President stands in front of the White House, reviewing the marching thousands as they pass along.

But although the big parade finally comes to an end, the festivities are not yet over. Late

into the night the city is brilliantly illuminated by magnificent and wonderful fireworks and powerful electric search-lights that shine from the tops of the tall buildings and light up the great dome of the Capitol and the Washington monument. Then comes the grand inaugural ball. There are over ten thousand people present, and the scene is a glorious and wonderful sight.

It is almost sunrise when the last carriage rolls away, and with the closing of the ball the inauguration festivities end.

JOHNNY IN GOBOLINK LAND.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE Gobolink book was too big to go into Johnny's stocking, and so Santa Claus tied it with a blue ribbon, and laid it on the end of the mantel just above where the stocking hung.

The old fellow giggled when he placed it there, and his eyes twinkled mischievously as he slipped a bit of folded paper beneath the ribbon, and this was what was written upon it:

This book is for Johnny; and what do you think?
Our Johnny himself is a gay Gobolink:
You never can tell for a moment or two
Just what little Johnny is likely to do.

Johnny cared more about the letter at first than he did about the book. It was an autograph letter written by old Santa himself, and it was really very exciting to get a message direct from headquarters. He hastened to seize his pen and ink so that he might label it properly for his autograph collection. He did not notice in his excitement that he let a drop fall into the upper fold of the sheet, but when presently he opened it again to show it to the cook, behold the ink splash had formed itself into a curious little figure which he afterward found to be a veritable Gobolink.

It had no features worth mentioning, but it seemed full of life. The very tightness with which Johnny had clasped the note had sent out from the blot various dancing legs, while a

pair of goggle eyes shot up from the tip-top of a great round head.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said Johnny. "I'm going to name him Santa Claus. Ah, ha, Mr. Santa Claus," he chuckled, "you call me a Gobolink, do you? And what are you yourself? If there ever was an uncertain person on earth, you are one. We don't know anything at all about you or what you'll bring, or how you find out things about fellows; and so if I'm a Gobolink, so are—"

By this time Johnny had begun to write. He labored and breathed hard for about three minutes. And this was the result:

Dear Santy Claws, I'm much obliged.
This pictures you and more besides.

JOHNNY M. WILKENSON.

Johnny's rhyme may not have been up to the mark, but his ideas of poetry had been received mainly from Mother Goose, who is not very strict in this respect.

But he soon learned that Gobolinks are coy fellows and the Muse uncertain. He used a good deal of paper, and got a number of foolish nothings which might have pleased him but for his first great success.

As the snow-storm continued, he sat at his little desk all day, dropping ink, folding and

pressing, with only a few real live Gobolinks to reward his pains.

That night, when the light was out, Johnny seemed to see funny little figures all over the wall. Some were alone—exactly alike on both sides—and some, differing in their parts, came in twos and groups.

And so they kept on coming and coming, Widgelums in pairs—Dipsey-Doodle-the-great-Kioodle, and his brother—followed by a long procession. But Johnny thought none of them so fine as his own festive Santa Claus. No verse in the book gave him quite such pleasure as his own first couplet.

"I 'll make a lot of Gobolinks to-morrow that 'll beat the whole book all to pieces—an' I 'll write some more poetry to them, too."

As he uttered this resolution aloud he suddenly heard a queer little titter, and looking up he saw the funniest and fattest old fellow imaginable walking up and down the brass rod that ran across the foot of his bed. He evidently was not timid, for he kept his footing easily, with his hands deep in his pockets.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Smarty, and who are you?" Johnny sat bolt upright as he spoke. He was not a coward, and even if he had been, the funny little fellow was far smaller than himself.

At this the intruder stopped in the middle of the brass rod, and chuckled.

"Who are you, I say?" Johnny repeated.

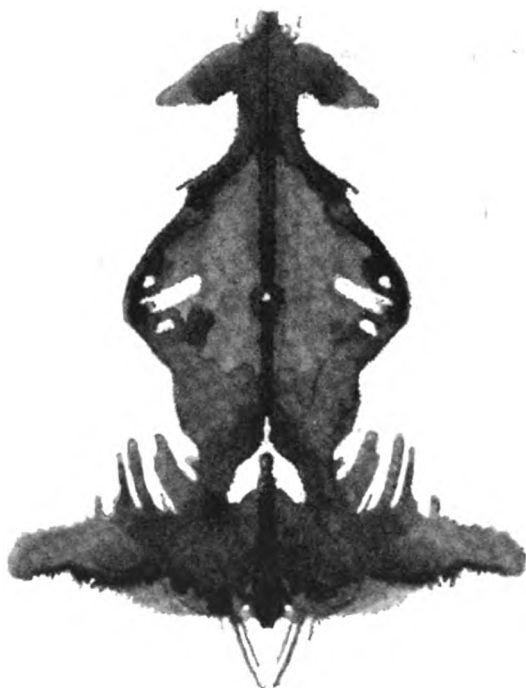
"I am the Great Gee-Whizz!" As he spoke, his guest made a low bow to the moon, which at that moment peeped in at the east window. "I am the Great Gee-Whizz—surnamed The Riotous, because of my festive disposition; and if you 'll be attentive, and excuse my back, I 'll gobble all about it for you."

Johnny had never been quite so attentive in all his life, and presently, the funny fellow began to sing in an uncommonly high-pitched voice:

"Oh, I am the Great Gee-Whizz!
My regular business is
To carry the keys of Gobolink land—
Ca-flappety-boodle-sizz!"

As he uttered the last line he suddenly flapped his great arms and ears like wings, and Johnny nearly fell out of bed with surprise.

Gee-Whizz laughed pleasantly at this. "Don't be disturbed," he said; "those last words are Gobolink talk; and I often end my songs with that wing-like movement. Being Keeper of the Keys, I mostly keep my hands in my pockets; and as Lord High Gobolinktum to the King I preserve my dignity by turning my back to everybody except His Highness. These others



"KEEPER OF THE KEYS."

that you see are in my train. I was laughing just now because you spoke of making Gobolinks. You might get a few Gobolink *pictures*; but there 's just as much difference between a Gobolink and his picture as there is between a boy and his photograph, or his gobograph, as we call them. We have lots of gobographs of you, by the way, in our collection."

Johnny was sitting bolt upright now.

"Oh, we snap you on the fly," continued the Gee-Whizz. "You are a pretty nice fellow—for a boy. Of course, you are not a Gobolink."

By this time, Johnny had pretty well recovered himself, and he was a trifle offended at the insinuation of his guest; also, perhaps, at his facility in making rhymes, which Johnny had not found by any means so easy a task.

"I do not think Gee-Whizz is a very nice name," he said, a little crossly; "and Ca-flap-pety-boodle-sizz sounds like slang. I don't believe you would have said it if you could have thought of anything else to rhyme. It sounds to me more like a soda-fountain. I'll take chocolate and cream, please," he added.

All the Gobolinks laughed at this. Johnny could hear them tittering all over the room, even where he could not see them, and he suddenly realized that he was in the midst of a great number of the strange creatures.

"Oh," said the Gee-Whizz, "you will have to go with *us* if you want soda-water to-night. We will take you to the land of Noodle. It is not very far, as it is *only* on the border of the Gobolink country. Of course, we could not take you to the capitol or the King's palace on the first trip. It is day after to-morrow there now."

Almost before he knew it, Johnny found himself on the way. He had no idea what direction they were taking. He did not recognize any of the country as they swept along far above it. His arm was linked through that of the Great Gee-Whizz, and behind them came a troop of ridiculous creatures.

Johnny kept constantly looking over his shoulder at the grotesque train.

"Is it much farther?" he asked, when he thought they had come about 275½ miles.

"Oh, yes, some distance," replied the Great Gee-Whizz; "and to pass the time I will tell you a sad little story of Noodle land, which contains a moral as well as a romance. You are fond of rhymes, I perceive, so I will recite it in that way. All Gobolinks are very good single-handed poets, and you will get a number of ideas on rhyming from us in the course of time."

Johnny was rather overawed by this statement.

"I shall be very glad, indeed, to learn," he said, humbly. "I'm afraid my poetry would not do to put into a book — yet."

"Oh, for that matter I have seen some pretty poor poetry in books," said the Gee-Whizz. "I have written some of it myself. 'The Sad Fate of the Gentle Oodle' is my latest:

"Once there was a gay Gamboodle —
Tall and brave was he;

And he loved a gentle Oodle —
This was in the land of Noodle
Where all Oodles be.

"'Dear,' he whispered to the Oodle,
'Whatsoe'er you do,
Look out for the fierce Impoodle —
He would make a thin Cathoodle
Quickly out of you.'

Then the foolish little Oodle
Laughed and shook her head.
"'Never mind, my gay Gamboodle
I fear not your fierce Impoodle,'
Thus the Oodle said.

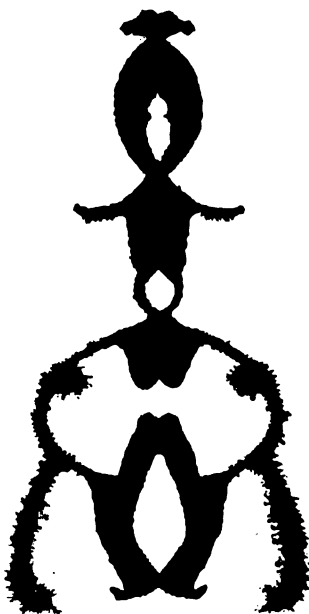
"But, alas, a thin Cathoodle
She was doomed to be;
For, one day, the fierce Impoodle
Caught the gentle little Oodle —
Silly Oodle — poor Gamboodle —
Lonely now is he."

Johnny had grown very grave during this recital.

"Is that a true story?" he faltered, as the Gee-Whizz finished.

"Oh, yes," said Gee-Whizz.

"I have gobographs of all the characters in my pocket. I shall use them in my new book, which I intend to call 'Doo-daddles.'" Here he drew some pictures from his pocket and passed them over to Johnny. The gentle Oodle held his attention longest because of her sad fate, her no-



THE GAY GAMBOODLE.

table lack of arms, and the pathetic expression of her eyes. As Johnny handed the pictures back, the Great Gee-Whizz suddenly pointed to a high hill that just then appeared before them, down which Johnny saw swarms of ink-goblins coming to meet them.

"You call your book 'Doo-daddles'? What a funny name!" said Johnny. "And what are doo-daddles?"

"Oh, they are really only daddles, but we call them doo-daddles because almost anybody can do them. But we are now," said the Gee Whizz, "on the border of Gobolink land; and

those are the Noodle-inks. They are a quiet, inoffensive people; and if it were not for the fierce Impoodle that lies in wait for stragglers, and a band of Robbolinks that now and then make a raid on them for boodle—which is our regular Gobolink word for wealth—their happiness would be unalloyed."

They had by this time reached

the Noodle advance guards, who flocked around them, all eager to get near the little boy.

Johnny recognized the Great Kioodle, who seemed to be an officer of rank, as well as his brother, who was only of rank and file. But the Gee-Whizz was hurrying Johnny over the hill-top.

"I must take you at once to the Great Shampoodle," said he. "He governs the land of Noodle. After that introduction you can go about pretty much as

you please. Only be careful to avoid the Impoodle and the Robbolinks."

Johnny's fear had long since departed, and



THE GREAT SHAM-POODLE.



THE FIERCE IMPOODLE.

he was enjoying everything immensely. He was very much interested just now in studying the queer houses and streets as they swept over them, and the great palace of the Shampoodle that was looming up just ahead. The streets



THE ROBBOLINK CHIEF.

below seemed full of people and queer animals and fowls. Suddenly, just as they landed on the steps of the palace, there was a wild cry



THE GENTLE OODLE.



THE THIN CATHOODLE.

and a sudden uproar. The Great Gee-Whizz grasped the little boy's arm very tightly.

"The Robbolinks!" he shrieked; and now for the first time Johnny saw his face, which was pale with fear. "You must fly at once. Here! this way—quick!"

A medley of wild shouts filled Johnny's ears. A troop of Noodolinks, headed by the great Kioodle, rushed by at full speed. A flock of queer geese ran hissing and squawking past. Johnny felt himself lifted bodily by the Great Gee-Whizz, and a second later he was dropped into what looked like a big bicycle tire. There was a rush of air, a roaring sound, a long slide, and a flash of light, and Johnny was suddenly sitting bolt upright again in his bed, with the morning sun shining in at the east window where he had seen the moon but a few hours before.

He rubbed his eyes, and felt himself to make sure that he was all there. "My!" he said at last, "but that was a narrow escape, *I tell you.*

I wonder what became of the Great Gee-Whizz. He sent me back with 'a ca-flappety-boodle-sizz!'—sure enough!"

He reflected for some moments over the strange adventures of the night.



A FLOCK OF GESE FROM GOBOLINK LAND.

"Anyhow," he said, "I 'll have some pictures to show him *next* time he comes, and some poetry too—you see if I don't."

A FORTUNE.

ONE day a man was walking along the street, and he was sad at heart. Business was dull. He had set his desire upon a horse that cost a thousand dollars, and he had only eight hundred with which to buy it. There were other things, to be sure, that might be bought with eight hundred dollars, but he did not want those; so he was sorrowful, and thought the world a bad place.

As he walked, he saw a child running toward him. It was a strange child; but when he looked at it, its face lightened like sunshine and broke into smiles. The child held out its closed hand.

"Guess what I have!" it cried gleefully.

"Something fine, I am sure," said the man pleasantly.

The child nodded and drew nearer, then opened its hand.

"Look!" it said; and the street rang with its happy laughter.

The man looked, and in the child's hand lay a penny.

"Hurrah!" said the child.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

Then they parted, and the child went and bought a stick of candy, and saw all the world red and white in stripes.

The man went and put his eight hundred dollars in the savings-bank, all but fifty cents; and with the fifty cents he bought a brown hobbyhorse with white spots for his own little boy; and the little boy saw all the world brown with white spots.

"Is this the horse you wanted so to buy, father?" asked the little boy.

"It is the horse I have bought," said the man.

"Hurrah!" said the little boy.

"Hurrah!" said the man.

And he saw that the world was a good place, after all.

L. E. R.